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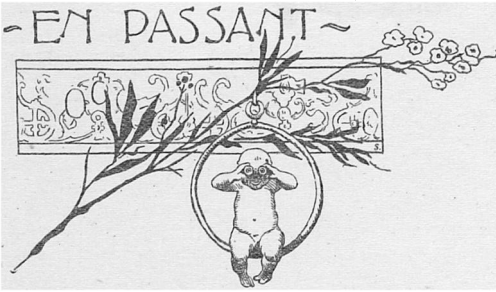
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All landscape painters would spend a few dollars well in procuring Hiroshige's "53 stations of Takaïdo" (the road which connects Kioto, the classic capital of the Mikado, and Yeddo, the residence of the more modern Shogun).

These 53 pages do not depict merely the great road itself, with its landscapes, its great open places, its natural irregularities and its traffic, but bring into display all the seasons of the year and all conditions of the atmosphere.

Louise Breslau, well-known to American readers as the student rival of whom poor little Marie Bashkirtseff confessed herself so jealous, is one of the most promising and influential lady artists in Paris, and one of the secretaries of the salon.

With what perfection Josephin Péladan of Rose-Croix fame, plays his part as the descendant of old magicians, and the possessor of all the spiritual legacies of Zarathustra, Pythagoras and Orpheus, is evident in all the details connected with his order and his own personality. His handwriting is large and upright, medieval in appearance, he generally pens his epistles in red or yellow ink, and in a corner of his note paper figures the Assyrian crown. His coat-of-arms is also the emblem of the order: a black and silver field containing a golden chalice, over which a purple rose with outspread wings, bearing a cross, is floating. This is surmounted by a tiara with three pentagrams as points.

The members of his order are divided into Grand Priors, Archontes, Æsthetics, Postulants and Grammarians. He has a special robe which he dons as Sar (as his portrait by Alexander Sean shows us) and a flourish for trumpets has been composed, which is played on every festive occasion at his entrance. His letters he calls "Mandements." In writing a letter he addresses his correspondents either as "Magnifici" or "Paire," sometimes also as "dearest Adelphe," or "Synnoeve." The introductory and final sentences are typical Latin sentences. His novels he calls Ethopoées, himself an Ethopoète, his dramas "Wagneries" and divides their contents into Eumalpoées, instead of acts. His writings principally advance (by the by in the most perfect and beautiful French) three theories: 1, that the highest spiritual aim of human beings is to admire Wagner's music, 2, that the highest development is renunciation of sensuality and self, the transformation into a hermaphrodite (Androgyne and Gynander); 3, that superior human beings can leave and return to their bodies at will, can float like astral beings in space and render the whole supernatural power of the spirit world serviceable to their will.

During last year's "salon" of the Symbolists in one of the huge exhibition buildings on the Champs de Mars—in whose spacious dimensions the few hundred pictures were almost lost—the Sar had a theatre erected, on which a mystery play, entitled "Sar Baladan" depicting the life of his supposed ancestor, was performed.

American artists cannot help suppressing a sigh at the indifference of rich Americans concerning art whenever they hear of fresh generosity on the part of well-known European patrons; for instance, of beer brewer Jacobson of Copenhagen, who has recently presented his native land with the so-called Glyptothek of Ny Carlsberg, his entire private collection of modern French sculpture and paintings, only second to that of the Luxembourg; and furnished besides \$400,000 towards the building of a museum for this collection.

One of the best represented artists in the Glyptothek Ny Carlsberg is the French sculptor Dubois, who is represented by no less than twenty statues and seven paintings. He is one of the most interesting sculptors of the modern French school, which is considered the best in the world. The merits characteristic of this school is an elegant perfection of form and an antique calmness in the pose. Their striving for elegance is perhaps too conspicuous, yet they do not fail to give due attention to anatomy and general naturalness of appearance; they have little taste for monumental art, possessing neither the buoyancy of the high renaissance nor the extravagant lines of the period of decay, but something which is peculiarly their own and renders them equally interesting.

It is by no means always true that the temporary condition of a country finds expression in its art; on the contrary, it will be observed that art often exists without any apparent connection with its time. In the politically stormy day of the Italian Renaissance the principal characteristics of its art were mildness and ideality, and in modern France, torn by party contests, with her feverish pulsation and theatrical expression, the best sculpture is chaste and reticent.

Paul Dubois' statues possess a certain demureness with a decided predominance of the intellectual element. His portraits are immediate and nervous, his impressions as sensitive as a woman's. His "Youthful Faith," the statue of a girl, is not conceived in a passionate or mystically pious vein, but as an embodiment of steady faith. His "Meditation" is not represented by the grand figure of some aged and wrinkled philosopher, but by an ordinary old man, sitting in a quiet pose; he is very true to nature, never portraying anything uglier or more beautiful than it is in reality. He is never guilty of incorrectness or exaggeration. His works remind one of an orator who, though not boasting of any fluency of speech, never employs phrases.

A well-known work of his is the "Connétable of Montmorency." What is the merit of this statue, which entitles the short, almost commonplace horseman of Dubois to be ranked among the pompous equestrian masterpieces of Donatello and Verocchio? It is the sincerity with which the type is laboriously executed in all its details. Under the influence of the early Florentine Renaissance which ripened Dubois' talent, he also created other graceful statues, like his "Mandolin Player," while his insignificant *Narcissus* clearly shows that the rhythmic lines of antique

art could gain no power over him. His realistic talent is seen to best advantage in groups like his "Caritas," a mature, modest, powerful young woman, nursing her children, as a representation of maternal felicity.

There is something strictly French in the full, almost voluptuous form, confined in a lace bodice, in the long slender beautiful fingers and in the face, something which reminds one of the peasant women of Carducci's poems as well as the Parisian goddesses of Paul Baudry.

Dubois' "Eve" is probably his most prominent work. Her face, in profile especially, has something Lionardesque, the body is wonderfully well modelled, while the legs resemble those of Ingres' "La Source," a reminiscence of his studies at the Institute at Rome. His Eve, like most of his other statues, has a certain dryness about the hips. It appears as if there were some hard labor expended on the combining of the upper and lower parts of the body, an inability of the artist to join these two parts and animate them with a spiritual tie; it seems as if the imagination of the artist had failed when he came to execute these middle parts. The silhouette of his works, from whatever side we may view them, looks unfinished, but they also have the merit of not being connected by sweeping lines like the masterpieces of classic art.

Ruskin is one of the most turbid, spurious spirits and one of the most powerful stylists of the century. His intellectuality is like that of a Spanish Grand Inquisitor. He is the Torquemado of aesthetics. He would like best to burn alive the critics who do not harmonize with him or the Philistines who pass by a work of art without emotion. But, as the scaffold does not lie in his power, he raves and denounces and annihilates the heretics with words at least. With this temper he combines a great knowledge of the history of art in all its details. In speaking of the painting of clouds he refers to the clouds of sixty to eighty pictures scattered over all the European collections, and, it must be remembered, he did that in the forties, when reproductions of the masterpieces of art, which make a comparative study easy enough to-day, were scarce. This minute compilation of facts, this painful erudition, succeeded in subjugating the English mind and explains the powerful influence Ruskin has exercised on the artistic taste and the aesthetics of the Anglo-Saxon world. The clear positivism of the English character demands exact information on all matters and is even willing to accept an art-delirium if accompanied by statistics, as was the case with the Pre-Raphaelites, for instance. Milton is true to the national character, when he describes the inhabitants of Hell with the carefulness and minuteness of a land-surveyor or a natural scientist.

Countess Dufort gave a musical and literary soirée in Paris during the winter, but in reality it was the Café Chantant transformed into one of the most aristocratic drawing rooms in the Foubourg St. Germain, with the exception that all the performers belonged to the fair sex. Among the guests were the Russian and Spanish Ambassadors, the Rochefoucaulds, Rothschilds, Doudeauvilles, Tour d'Auvergues, Montesquiens, Radzivils. These names apart from that of the lady of the house will suffice to show that the entertainment was eminently respectable in every way.

Now for the programme: Yvette Guilbert was the star of

the evening and sang a large part of her repertoire of naughty songs bristling with *double entendres*, including "Les Petits Vernis" which was given for the first time in public on the following evening. Then Marie Legault of the Vaudeville came forward and declaimed Banville's "Rendezvous" and d'Asy's "Coutrière." After that Angèle Legault of the Théâtre Lyrique sang "J'ai taut de choses à vous dire," and "Ohe Mamma."

The *haute volée* of St. Petersburg is very much interested in private theatricals. And how admirably they do it there! The accessories are not only as perfect and brilliant as those of the Imperial theatres, but also genuine, in particular, the brocaded costumes, the jewels and the valuable furnishing of the apartments. The plays themselves are good, very good indeed! The Walkouski, Scheremetjew Kleinmichel, etc., have regular model performances of Pushkin's Boris Godunow" and Tolstoi's "Death of Ivan the Terrible," also of French comedies at a cost of many thousand rubles. Tolstoi's "Fruit of Enlightenment" found its first representation in this way, followed by his "Tower of Darkness." A very original performance took place in the house of the wealthy Mr. Prisselkow, in honor of the Emir of Bucharra. A Persian comedy "The Vizier of the Shah of Leukoran" was enacted in the original. The actors were mostly students from the academies of Oriental languages. Several society ladies, among others a Miss Sundblad, who are acquainted with the Persian languages, also took part.

Hanslick, the musical authority, considers Antonin Dvřák, the director of Mrs. Thurber's Conservatory of Music, one of the most prominent composers of the day, second only to Brahms. A short review of his principal works will establish a solid basis for this high judgment. Though educated in the school of the German classics, and selecting as models: Beethoven, Schubert and Brahms, Dvřák is nevertheless a thoroughly original talent. He sometimes lacks the correctness of form, the academic smoothness of Brahms and others, but he never lacks brilliant, genial ideas; all his compositions are logically developed, with a just estimation of the art of counterpoint and harmony. That Dvřák is an absolute master of orchestral resources all are aware who have heard his symphony, ops. eighty-eight, his "Slavic Rhapsodies," with their wild, dashing impetuosity, his "Legends," with the multitudinous, variegated repetitions of short motives and terseness of their thematic structure. Antonin Dvřák's pen has always been fecund. It has enriched almost every class of musical composition: chamber music, as oratio ("Ludmilla"), symphonies, a cantata, a violin concerto (ops. fifty-three), church music ("Stabat Mater" and mass for the dead), operas, suites, piano compositions, dances, etc. have flowed from this fertile mind. Still more interesting perhaps to the musician is the wealth of modulation and harmonic resources displayed in the "Symphonic Variations" ops. seventy-eight, where one theme is differently shaped and embellished in twenty-seven various ways. The theme itself is rather unpleasant; but what wealth of imagination manifests itself in the many colored variations, with their piquant orchestral hues! Genial, discreet instrumentation, combined with luscious melodiousness, grace and a never ending variety of forms are the main features of his orchestral works. With his trio in F minor for piano, violin and cello, Dvřák ranks among the ablest masters of chamber music; his sextet for strings, and his quintet for strings and piano (A major, ops. eighty-one) are known wherever chamber music organizations exist. In his quintet Dvřák shows himself emancipated from the Slavic element which prevailed in his rhapsodies; it is unquestionably his master work, the emanation of a ripe, sound, broad talent which never fails to interest because it always has something new to say.